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FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

SUMMER RAIN.

The rain, the rain, the summer rain!
How sweet this balmy eve!
My footsteps on the velvet grass,
A greater print they leave.
The bird beneath those weeping boughs,
(Heaven bless 'em!) shades his wing,
And sings to the wind, that makes
A still murmur.
Watches the rain-drops as they fall,
Like pearls from some gay corseal.
The shower, the summer shower is past;
Again 'tis enclosed sky.
Smiles on the glistening fields, beneath
A silver net that lies.
The stream of the plain, grows fierce,
With blades of grass, and stores
Of sleeping, lisping bushes.
Some green, and some yellow; or
Some dangerous, public's precious,
Makes Niagaras to the mice!
Whirling main on that wild flood,
Some curious insects sweep,
Perched on a larger insect's wing,
A wreck upon the deep;
Or, clinging some floating isle—
A withered leaf—they dream
Their troubles light, if, present o'er
The brint that rude stream.
A stream's majestic point appear,
To stop them in their dread career.

The currents o'er the sand have gushed,
The vapours onward fly;
The sun, the sun, the sun is grown,
Escapes the eyes' eye;
And now a few bright trembling specks,
Like lonely stars are seen;
The rising of the sight, the hills
Have burst the veils between,
While thousand rain-brooks bubbling down,
Stream from their bare and shining crown.

Oh, come—along the humid plain—
Come, by the limosa grove,
The green, the green, the green,
As we may there rove.
But are the sloping hill we leave,
A moment turn thine eyes
Where palaces and huts are bright
With sun's-gorgeous dies;
And, a heaven of deepest blue,
& golden city shuts the view.
Oh, see! from yonder misty roofs,
A thousand smoke ascend;
There happy roofs are hidden sight
In evergreen boughs.
The windows flashing in the sun,
A light like torches fling;
The illuminated city shows
A noiseless triumphing;
Such be the coarsest lights that fall
On nature's sun-set festival.

The rainbow—oh! the rainbow, see
Grappling the illumined sky;
A treasure the Almighty sends,
Whose rains and tempests fly.
How soft, ethereal, angelic
Has issued for wings of wind,
That some ethereal I might scarce
The secret to subdue—
To what far worlds of endless day,
That golden sun-bridge leads the way.

COCKNIES & SHRIMPS.

PEGWELL BELLE VUE.—"Here you eat shrimp, in perfection, at very moderate expense, accompanied by such ale, that you feel, like Macbeth in his last speech, very unwilling to say, 'bold!—enough!'" Such is the praise which those right worshipful authorities, the "Coast Guides," bestow upon Pegwell belle-vue; and with the very same praise—baring Macbeth's last dying speech, might they, with more justice bepraise the Blue Pig in Dark-houseland, or the Cat in Pattens at Billingeate. The fact is, that the shrimp, of Pegwell, is its worst point—compared with a Lynn shrimp, it is what a Lynn shrimp is to a lobster—that is to say, a contemptible little pugmy; and as to the ale, "tis what a worthy old friend of mine calls *paradox ale*—tis both *flat* and *sharp*; with a very unpleasant propensity to give you raw Cockney the colic. Now had I the honour of writing a "Coast Guide," I would describe Pegwell Bell-vue something after the following fashion:—Here we have a pretty little old-fashioned tavern nicely smartened up, so as to resemble a group of japanned tin-ear-caddies and dressing-boxes. It is kept by a smart young man, in a green turban, whose name is "Mr. Cramp, jun."—A slip of the Old Royal Oak at Hamgate; and very well aware of the difference between a walking gentleman and a riding one.—In a little bow window by the side of the front door, is a nice little *shot larder*, in which you may perceive a very cold chicken bedeck'd with sprigs of parsley, and a small, pale, almost-gone ham bedeck'd ditto; five mutton chops displayed in radii upon a blue-edged platter; and a defunct encumber lying in state upon six vine leaves. If you are above five feet nine, stoop a little, keep your elbows close, and insinuate yourself through the principal passage, and at the end thereof you will find a pretty little three-cornered arbor, of a grass-plot—bounded on one side by the back of the house; on the other, by a low white paling running along the very edge of the high cliff which formeth the eastern head of Pegwell bay—the said low white paling hidden here and there by a superb hydrangea, and festoons of nasturtiums in full flower; and on the third and last side, beneath a screen of tall flowering shrubs, a row of little trellises'd summer houses overgrown with that pretty climbing plant which, when England was *messy old England*, used to be called "Traveller's Joy," or "Virgin's Bower," but which in this age of intellect is scientifically denominated "Clematis." Seat yourself in one of these arbours, under the "Traveller's Joy"; and if you be given to the picturesque, look out over the low white paling before you; if it is just such an afternoon as it was when I was there, you will see the way, spread out beneath you, smooth as a mirror, with sundry small dark specks moving about its surface; which, if you please, you imagine to be Panope and her fair sisters, and say—

The air is calm, and on the level brain,
Sleek Panope and all her sisters play.

—but if you ask me what they are, "faith I must speak the truth, and say they are neither more nor less than so many maddly-besotted shrimp-catchers.—Now look to the right. Never mind the Preventive Service station, on the chalk cliff there; but look more to the right, amongst those "hedge row" elms and hillocks green," and newly-ripened corn fields, and snug little homesteads with their mossy orchards and grey old barns, and narrow green lanes winding away amongst them, down to where the ruins of old Rufus lie moulderin' in the mouth of the valley of Stour Less, yonder, at the head of the bay. That's all vastly pretty, you'll say; and so it is, I guess; but now turn your optics more this way, and when you are at "eyes front," right across the bay, before you, is that the ancient town and port of Sandwich;—you will easily find her out by the blue smoke of her boundless fires. Now look on, here, more to the left, along where the south Foreland, roughened with cottages and clumps of trees, stretches away yonder into the Downs; where you see the bold old *Romneys* and her attendant drags, sloops, and cutters, riding in sulky silence for the protection of his most gra-

cious Majesty's Exchequer, against those tub-running ronagates, the smugglers. Do you see them?—Very well then; now "eyes front" again, and behold! right over against you, is the blessed sun himself retiring to rest beneath a canopy of clouds—purple, edged with gold. Lift your optics a little higher, and there, in the clear deep blue sky, is the young lady moon, with the slender silver crescent newly girt and burnish'd; and hark! do you hear that still small voice?—It is a little moping robin, in the poplar, here, behind us, chanting his "good night" to the departing sun.—If you want to know what that other sound is—that rumbling and clacking noise, which you have heard for these last two hours—go up the narrow stair there, by the scullery door, and, in a little smoky room at the top, you will find a party of intellectuals, trying to win little bits of money of each other, by knocking two or three ivory balls about upon a table. For my part, I have unfortunately no taste for "that sort of thing;" and so I'll get a jug of gin-twist under the Traveller's Joy here, and listen to the robin.

So I got the jug of gin-twist, (very small and thin it was indeed, Mr. Adeney,) but instead of the evening song of the robin, I had to listen to certain worthy intellects, cut out to enjoy themselves in the adjoining arbores. Only hear them!—"So, this *Pegwell view*, is it?" said a portly person at the head of a snug family party—"and I'll be shot if I can see a bell any where!"—"How you talk, Stubb's wife—if it was a bear it would bite you!"—see it hangs dangling amongst the green stuff, close by your elbow!" said a lady, who I humbly presumed, was his better half. "Give me leave, Mr. Stubb's!"—"I'll agitate the communicator," said a spruce young man in yellow whiskers and a crimson stock. "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle," said the bell. "Coming, Sir!" said the waiter. "Bring us some shrimps, and some bread—and some butter—and a jug of your superaculous ale—and four five drinking glasses—all clean and right now—dye head!" said Mr. Stubb's. "Bring 'em directly, Sir!" said the waiter; and he did. "And you call these shrimps—do you?" demanded Mr. Stubb's. "Shrimps, Sir!—yes, I call 'em shrimps, Sir," replied the waiter. "Don't you go to be banding words with me, young man," retorted Mr. Stubb's—"because if you come to that, I shall soon put you to the right about, and teach you a proper distance. What I say, is this—and I don't care who hears me, for I defy any man, be he whichsoever he may, to peach my judgment in regard of a shrimp; and what I say, is this, that if these are shrimps, they're uncommen little 'uns!"—"They may be small, Sir, but they're undeniably good," replied the waiter. "I don't know that; and as small as they am, you're very chary of 'em;—what's the damage, now, of this little twaddling patterfeller?"—"Damage, Sir!—they're quite fresh, Sir; master don't sell damaged shrimps, Sir," replied the simple waiter. "Look here! now! you're banding words with me again!—Dye think I don't know what I'm going upon?" furiously demanded Mr. Stubb's.

"Don't you think to gammon us by shamming stupid, young chap?" said the gentleman in the yellow whiskers and crimson stock—

"for we ar'n't to be had, you know; so come the figure, in a jiffy now, like a tight 'un!'

"Figure, Sir!" said the waiter. "Yes—figure; d'y়s a hedge at?—can't you tell me the figure of that plate of shrimp?" said the gentleman in the yellow whiskers. "Oh yes, Sir!—it's a round plate, Sir," said the waiter.

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PHILADELPHIA:

WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 15.

about a while ago, thinking that this fellow is honest and a good man; but no one had collected a pint of porter, than is to be paid and swing it off before my eyes, than is to be paid and swing it off before my eyes, and said "I am a body-snatcher, your worship, and that I had a pitch-plaster in my pocket to stick upon people's mouths. Oh, said I, if you think that you shall have one of these yourself; so stop and another can take a hold of him, your worship, and a young man who was present went out for a pint of porter and a sheet of bread, and sure enough we made a plaster for him and stuck it on his face." (laughed.) Mr. HALL told the complainant that he was rightly served for his shabby behaviour, but he cautioned the defendant to be careful in future not to repeat the joke.

THE CORPORATION OF LONDON AND THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.

The ancient City of London and the Premier are at variance upon more points than one. An action has been commenced by the Corporation against the Duke of Wellington, as Lieutenant of the Tower, for violation of one of those privileged which the Court of Aldermen are in the habit of considering as inestimable. The privilege was this:—At the time of the American war it was thought necessary to block up the free passage to the Thames at Tower-stairs for the greater security. After peace had been established, instead of opening the passage to the public, the authorities at the Tower claimed the ground as an appendage to that building, and built up a gate there. The greatest inconvenience has arisen from this plan of constructing a bar to a free ingress and egress. The public are impeded in their progress to and from the steam-vessels, and there is a general exclamation against the obstruction. The city applied to the Lieutenant of the Tower to pull down the gate and wall; but a plump refusal has been given, on the ground that the wharf is within the precincts of the Tower, and that therefore the city had no jurisdiction over it. The admission to the wharf is now a matter of compliment upon the part of the authorities at the Tower; and so pertinaciously is the proprietorship adhered to by the Lieutenant, that the Lord Mayor signified his intention to embark at the Tower-stairs on the 9th of November, some of the Ordnance Officers asked whether he claimed admittance as a right. To this the Lord Mayor replied, that his presence there was not meant to prejudice the cause in which the authorities of the Tower were engaged with the City of London, and his Lordship embarked upon that understanding. The city claimed the Tower-stairs as their own, and quote Coke's Institutes to prove that they possess a well-established claim. A note to the 4th Institute states, that the ancient London-wall passed through the western part of the Tower, and thus included part of the Tower: so that the murderers of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower, having perpetrated the crime on the western portion thereof, were tried and convicted before the commissioners of Oyer and Terminer in the city of London. The wharf to which the Lieutenant makes claim, as within his precinct, lies on the side claimed by the city, and the blocking up of it causes the greatest inconvenience, and supplies thieves with numerous opportunities of committing depredations upon passengers through the narrow entrance which the Tower authorities permit to remain open.

DUTY versus GRATITUDE.

A few days ago, a constable at Coventry had occasion to go down to the canal-wharf, in discharge of his duty, and in attempting to go on board a vessel, fell into the water, where he was in great danger of being drowned. He was, however, rescued from his perilous situation by the exertions of an individual who happened to be in the neighbourhood, and who, not content with getting him out of the water, took him to his house and furnished him with refreshment and dry clothes. When the officer came a little to himself, and ascertained the name of his preserver, he discovered no doubt to his mortification that his life had been saved by the very man of whom he was in search; and that the first return he could make for the obligation, was, to agree his benefactor with a summons.—Manchester Mercury.

SOMNAMBULUS.—A young lady, who lives within a short distance of Manchester, awoke the other morning, but found her attempts to rise from her bed very much impeded by a sensation of tightness around her, and to her very great surprise, on taking off the night-dress the preceding evening, she was underneath fully dressed as for an afternoon party; and what more added to her astonishment was, that one part of her dress which she had heretofore found herself quite unable to put on without assistance was now in perfect arrangement. There were also appearance in the chamber of the lady's toilette having been regularly performed, so that there is little doubt that she must have imagined herself about to meet some company, but had not the slightest recollection of ever having risen from her bed.—Manchester Guardian.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.—The Managers respectfully inform the public, that resolved to render neither labor or expense to gratify them they have charged for a few nights, Mr. JAMES WALLACE, Mr. MURKIN, Mr. BROWN.—Brutus, Mr. J. Wallack.—Mark Antony, Mr. Hamlin.—Cassius, Mr. Southwell.—Octavius Caesar, Mr. Rowthorne.—Portia, Mrs. Darley. To conclude with the added notice of the BUDGET OF BLUNDERS.—Dr. Sangster, Mr. Jefferson.—Brutus, Mrs. Jefferson.—Troy, Mr. Walker.—The French Dr. Hulot will make their second appearance at this Theatre, in the admired Ballet of the Millers. The celebrated HERR CLINE is engaged. Due notice will be given of his appearance. Stage Manager, Mr. Rowthorne.

Doors will open at a quarter past 6 o'clock, and the curtain rises at a quarter past 7.

Box \$1, Pit 20 cents; Gallery 25 cents.

ARCH STREET THEATRE.—The public is respectfully informed that this THEATRE will open for a short season THIS EVENING, April 13th, under the direction of Mr. PHILLIPS, Lessee and Manager. The interior of the THEATRE being entirely new, the audience will be gratified with the comfort and convenience of the spectators. The Company is comprised of Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged talents and respectability, and many old and established favorites of the Philadelphia audience are engaged.

The Orchestras will consist of the most celebrated German Professors, under the direction of Mr. HANSEN, Leader.

The Scene Department will be under the direction of Mr. BROWN, Scenic Master.

The Wardrobe under the care of Mr. AMERIAN, late of the Park Theatre, New York. The machinery by Mr. HARBOURGH. Property by Mr. CHARLES WARD.

Miss Kelly is engaged for four nights only, and will make her first appearance in the character of the Wild, Cheeky, and Rascally.

An Open Address is made express for the opening of a new theatre in this city, and approved by several literary gentlemen, will be spoken by Mr. S. CHAPMAN.

After which will be performed, the popular play of THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.—General Heath, Mr. Phillips.—Frank Heath, Mr. Wood.—Mallock, Mr. Page.—Mr. Jackson, Mr. Mr. Ferret, Mr. Walker.—Capt. Waddington, Mr. S. Chapman.—Troy Quast, Mr. Moreau.—Simon, Mr. Dickson.—Tom, Mr. Hunt.—The Widow Cheery, Miss Kelly, (with the song of the "Dashing White Sergeant").—Mrs. Mallock, Mrs. Greene.—Mrs. Fidget, Miss Stickney.—Jill, Miss Jane Mercer.—Between the play and fare a favourite dance by Mr. and Mrs. Kelly. The evening's entertainment will be made up of the performances of TURN OUT.—Rev. Mr. Phillips.—Dr. Troxell, Mr. Walstein.—Greene, Mr. Mercer.—Forsay, Mr. Porter.—Capt. Somerville, Mr. Page.—Cook, Gardner, Boy, &c. Maria Kenny, (with song) Miss Kelly.

In the midst of the commotion excited in ENGLAND by the CATHOLIC question, CONNELL is found, as usual, firing away, as if for amusement, on both parties. The following are extracts from an article in one of his latest REGISTERS:

There are some persons, I perceive, who are opposed to the Catholic Bill and who are calling upon the Ministers to dissolve the Parliament, in order that an appeal may be made to the people! Indeed! what, they want the assistance of the people, do they? Those who want this appeal cannot, surely, belong to that haughty, tyrannical, insolent, cowardly, and bloody band, called Borough-mongers, who chucked with delight when the dungeons were crammed with the Reformers, and when the horse-soldiers cut them down and trampled them under foot! It cannot surely be any body belonging to this tyrannical and savage band that is urging the villainous newspapers to call for an appeal to the people! What, appeal to the lower orders, as the people were insolently called: appeal to the "low degraded crew," as the insolent upstart Canning called the Reformers! Oh no, there is the best of all possible

House of Commons: there is the "Collective Wisdom of the Parliament," there are two houses of Peers, and a third, for serving or siting any thing having a tendency to bring either of whom into contempt, any man of us may be banished for life. Who dares then propose to dissolve this Parliament in order to appeal to the people? this House of Commons that "works so well," and that answers all the practical purposes of the Constitution. Besides, it is curious enough to observe that, when the Bill was passed, laying a heavy tax upon our bread, and when all the people petitioned against it, except the owners of the land, nobody proposed to dissolve the Parliament; nobody proposed an appeal to the people: nobody proposed such an appeal previous to the passing of the horrible Power-of-imprisonment Bill: nobody proposed such an appeal before the Six Acts were passed: nobody proposed such appeal before the passing of Peel's Bill which in effect doubled the taxes. Why, then, appeal to the people now? Oh no, it is the best possible Parliament; let us have that which it does; and let us be content with its doings. *

The only hope of the Brunswickers appears to lie in the use which can be made of the influence of the duke of Cumberland; and if there were spirit in the Protestant aristocracy, and in the Bench of Bishops, such as existed in the reign of the unfortunate James the Second, this hope might not be wholly destitute of foundation; but, where are there a lot of Bishops to go to the King, and remonstrate as they did in that reign? If there were such a lot, and if the Lords were as firmly united as they were in that reign, and if they perceive that the title to the abbey lands was no better now than it was then; in short, if the prejudices of the people, if their nonsense, as it may be very truly called, had any thing to rally round, the whole scheme might yet be blown into air, and Peel might still have to quit his dear place, or to make a sudden tack back again, at his doing which, however, no man ought to be surprised, after that which we have seen. *

Not the smallest doubt have I that all the dangers which the opponents of the measure foresee are real; but, danger to what? Danger to that which I wish to set up an end to; danger to that property which I wish to see restored to its former, just, generous, and pious uses; and I hold it to be impossible that the proposed measure can be adopted, without its hastening that restoration. That which was taken from the Catholic church and the poor by Acts of Parliament, must have been regarded as public property. No man can show any other title to it than those Acts of Parliament. Call upon any holder of abbey lands, for instance, for his title-deeds, he first produces a purchasing conveyance, perhaps he next produces you a grant from Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Old Bess, or James the First. Ay! says you, but what right had the crown to make that grant? Oh, says he, I'll show you in a minute, and out he pulls a couple of Acts of Parliament passed in the reign of Henry the Eighth, which took the abbey and its lands from the Catholic church and the poor, and gave them to the King with a right in him to give them away. Well, if a Parliament could do this, another Parliament could undo it as far as possible. In short, that man must be as blind as a bat, or as a mole, or as a post, who does not see that these are the natural consequences of the change contemplated. Well then am I not I, who wish for the change, and who wish for the consequences, and a great many more consequences that I have not hinted at here, inconsistent?—Stop, I say, to that which I wish to set up an end to; danger to that property which I wish to see restored to its former, just, generous, and pious uses; and I hold it to be impossible that the proposed measure can be adopted, without its hastening that restoration. That which was taken from the Catholic church and the poor by Acts of Parliament, must have been regarded as public property. No man can show any other title to it than those Acts of Parliament. Call upon any holder of abbey lands, for instance, for his title-deeds, he first produces a purchasing

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The violence of the *Papero* wind on the night of the 2d inst. has been severely felt all over the country. The Gun Boat No. 4. was sent in the Parana, near San Nicolas; Captain Nicholas George and four persons only saved.—Captain Francis Balcarce, a very amiable young man, was drowned.

Mr. Henry Gilbert, (the proprietor of the *Gaceta Mercantil*.) and Don Ignacio Nunes were placed at liberty on 6th inst., after an imprisonment of ten days. In *El Tiempo* of 11th inst. appeared an explanatory letter from Senor Nunes, relative to the offensive *acrostic*, which is stated to be the production of a friend in whom he had confidence, and who requested him to get it inserted in the *Gaceta*, and that the insertion took place without the parties being exactly aware of its purport.

The arrival of General San Martin in the last

Packet, and his departure for Monte Video with his landing in Buenos Ayres, has elicited considerable observation. The *Tiempo* of 10th inst. contains some remarks upon the subject, stating that the conduct of the General is perfectly inexplicable; that in Rio Janeiro he must have informed himself of the events which took place in this city on the 1st of December, and in Monte Video with every particular,—its consequences, and the actual state of the country; that he had received visits on board the Packet from many of his friends, consequently they could have told him that at present no other contest exists in Buenos Ayres but that of order against anarchy. Neither could he (the General) be ignorant that in this country there is no want of *public* men of which perhaps from his long absence he has not had the means of correctly informing himself. The *Tiempo* concludes the article with wishing the General a pleasant voyage to Monte Video, and that his scruples may speedily vanish.

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From New Orleans we have received papers to the 24th of March.

On the 19th, the steamboat Muskingum, bound from Cincinnati to Natchitoches, with stores for the U. S. Army, struck on a snag in Little River, two miles above the ferry, and went down immediately. Her deck remains a little below the surface of the water. Most of her cargo will probably be saved, without much damage.

The 21st of March the sloop Huron, which was fitted out at Mantanzas to search for the pirates, arrived at New Orleans, not having fallen in with them.

The steamboat Natches which left New Orleans on the 19th, ran against a snag of Faouze River, and it was feared would be totally lost.

On the 23d, the Captain of the British brig Indian having some dispute with the crew, they manifested a disposition to mutiny. The police were sent for, and a guard of six men despatched to the vessel, but were overpowered. A second detachment arrested the leaders, and carried them to prison.

The 22d, a man was murdered in St. Peter-street, at an early hour in the evening. His body had been cut open in four places with a dagger, and his pockets rifled and turned wrong side out, before any person arrived at the spot. Several persons had been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the murder.

Charleston, April 7.—The Pilot boat Friends, off our Bar on the 6th inst. boarded the British sloop boat Favorite, 6 days from Nassau, and took her Capt. R. Soule, his officers and crew, of the ship Coliseum, of Boston, and Capt. T. Taylor, his officers and crew, of the schooner Sally, of Baltimore, and three Spanish gentlemen, passengers in the Sally.

The ship Coliseum, RICHARD SOULE, master, from Newvius, Cuba, for Philadelphia, was wrecked 13th of March on the Gingerbread Ground, Bahama banks, vessel lost, part of her cargo was saved and carried into Nassau, where it was sold. It will be recollect that the Coliseum was one of the vessels missing at our last dates from Havana, and a great fear was entertained that she had fallen into the hands of pirates. Melancholy as a shipwreck under any circumstances must be, we rejoice that the passengers and crew of this vessel escaped a more cruel fate. Mr. KNIGHT, merchant of Havana, a passenger in the C. and to whose house her cargo was consigned, arrived at Nassau, and attended the sale of that part of it which was saved.

The schooner Sally, Captain T. TAYLOR, of Baltimore, from Newvius, Cuba, for Philadelphia, was wrecked 15th March, on the Hog Sties, Bahama Bank—the vessel totally lost; the cargo, consisting of sugar, wax, honey, fruit, lignum and mahogany, with the sails, rigging, cables, anchors, &c. were saved by New Providence wreckers, taken to Nassau and sold.

FROM KEY WEST.—By the sloop, Hyder ALY, Captain PLAGE, we have the Key West Register of the 26th, and an Extra from that office of the 30th ult. The Extra contains an official despatch in relation to the discovery of a piratical schooner, by the armed schooner Habanero, corresponding, substantially, with the account of the same event already published. The following are the only other articles of interest we find:

KEY WEST, March 26.

The Revenue Cutter Pulaski, Captain Harrison, sailed from this port on the 14th inst. for Havana, carrying Col. George M. Broke, Dr. Macomb and Lieut. Collins, of the United States' Army. The Cutter returned on the 20th, and sailed again on the 24th on a cruise.

On Thursday, the 19th inst. between 4 and 5 o'clock, P. M. the schr. Lily, Capt. Thurn, lying in the Bay Hunda Harbour, saw the Lhn. Capt. Barclay, at anchor near her. Capt. B. spoke the Lily, and requested a boat to be sent, which was immediately done; when on board found that she had sprung a leak, and that it was impossible to keep her from sinking; got her under way and ran her on the beach. Early next morning boarded and found her full of water. By request of Capt. L. took the crew, pumps, and buckets, &c. and succeeded in freeing her so far as to be able to bring her into Key West. The above information was furnished by Capt. Lund.

From the Key West Register, Extra, March 20.

We have the pleasure to announce the safe arrival of the ship *Coronado* of Boston, at Havana, after a long passage—the other vessels missing had not made their appearance up to the 28th inst.

There had been several arrivals at Havana from Vera Cruz; the accounts from Mexico represent that unfortunate republic to be in a dreadful state of confusion. Every person that could get away were hasty to the sea-ports to embark.

The accounts from Columbia are very gloomy also. A very severe Police has been established

at the head of which General Arismendi has been placed. General Paez commands as General-in-Chief at Curacao, in which city there were seventeen general officers and very few troops—money was very scarce and the few troops only receive one-fourth part of pay.

The accounts from Bolivar are not very satisfactory—the late insurrection is more alarming than was first supposed.

The money lost by Mr. MATHEWS, at Baltimore, has been restored through the Post-office, the \$500 offered as a reward having been deducted.

FOR THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

R. PENN SMITH'S new drama of the *Disown* was played again last evening to a crowded house, and met with an enthusiastic reception.—We never saw an audience more affected than at the last scene of this play—and we are certain that it will long retain its place among our Stock Dramas, or at least as long as it has Rowthorn personate the leading character. The splendid Ballet Corps also made its appearance, and the Dancers were severely greeted as they entered. Bononi has lost nothing of that elasticity which we formerly so much admired, and the graceful Ravenet was admirable as the heroine. Corby and Louise also contributed greatly to the success of the Ballet. One of the Corps made himself very obnoxious to the audience by the familiar way in which he viewed them—they resented it in a manner that we hope will correct his taste, which certainly is bad, for we were all eyes for the stage, and wondered that a man should be so lost to the graceful movements of the dance as to deign an eye to the audience when such things were enacted by his side. We will change seats with him at the next representation and give him odds.—He will then have a right to use his star qualities, and both parties will be gratified.

The nuisance was removed before the termination of the piece by the prompt interference of the acting manager.

Z. DIED.

At his residence, in Lower Dublin street, which he had for Monte Video and his landing in Buenos Ayres, has elicited considerable observation. The *Tiempo* of 10th inst. contains some remarks upon the subject, stating that the conduct of the General is perfectly inexplicable; that in Rio Janeiro he must have informed himself of the events which took place in this city on the 1st of December, and in Monte Video with every particular,—its consequences, and the actual state of the country; that he had received visits on board the Packet from many of his friends, consequently they could have told him that at present no other contest exists in Buenos Ayres but that of order against anarchy. Neither could he (the General) be ignorant that in this country there is no want of *public* men of which perhaps from his long absence he has not had the means of correctly informing himself. The *Tiempo* concludes the article with wishing the General a pleasant voyage to Monte Video, and that his scruples may speedily vanish.

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KEY WEST, March 26.

The Revenue Cutter Pulaski, Captain Harrison, sailed from this port on the 14th inst. for Havana, carrying Col. George M. Broke, Dr. Macomb and Lieut. Collins, of the United States' Army. The Cutter returned on the 20th, and sailed again on the 24th on a cruise.

On Thursday, the 19th inst. between 4 and 5 o'clock, P. M. the schr. Lily, Capt. Thurn, lying in the Bay Hunda Harbour, saw the Lhn. Capt. Barclay, at anchor near her. Capt. B. spoke the Lily, and requested a boat to be sent, which was immediately done; when on board found that she had sprung a leak, and that it was impossible to keep her from sinking; got her under way and ran her on the beach. Early next morning boarded and found her full of water. By request of Capt. L. took the crew, pumps, and buckets, &c. and succeeded in freeing her so far as to be able to bring her into Key West. The above information was furnished by Capt. Lund.

From the Key West Register, Extra, March 20.

We have the pleasure to announce the safe arrival of the ship *Coronado* of Boston, at Havana, after a long passage—the other vessels missing had not made their appearance up to the 28th inst.

There had been several arrivals at Havana from Vera Cruz; the accounts from Mexico represent that unfortunate republic to be in a dreadful state of confusion. Every person that could get away were hasty to the sea-ports to embark.

The accounts from Columbia are very gloomy also. A very severe Police has been established

ALMANACK.

1829.	SUN.	SUN.	MORN.	MORN.
APRIL.	RISE.	SET.	WATER.	FLAMES.
13 WEDNESDAY...	5 27	6 33	11 49	12 15
14 THURSDAY...	5 25	6 35	12 03	12 30
15 FRIDAY...	5 24	6 36	12 07	12 31
16 SATURDAY...	5 23	6 37	12 30	12 54
17 SUNDAY...	5 22	6 38	2 05	1 05
18 MONDAY...	5 20	6 40	2 37	1 07
19 TUESDAY...	5 19	6 41	3 20	1 12

SHIP NEWS.

PORt OF PHILADELPHIA.

ARRIVED.

Ship New Jersey, Whitall, 100 days from Canton, with tea, silks, cassia, &c. Sailed Dec. 31. Ship Isabella, for Philadelphia in 3 days. Ship Maria, for New York, in 2 days; Panama, for New York, next; Mexico, for Rio Janeiro, for Salem, the day before. Pilgrim, bound to New York. Spent a week in London, with a signal shower. S. V. (Franklin) arrived, and others not recollect. The New Jersey made her passage out in 111 days; home in 100, lay 60 days in port, and only 9 months absent.

Brig Barclay, Clark, Boston, 7 days with trade to C. S. Farwell.

Schr. Free Ocean, Van Gilder, N. York, 4 days, with trade to Captain.

Schr. Andes, Garrison, Norfolk, 4 days, with trade to Captain.

Schr. William Tell, Ostley, New York, 4 days, with trade to Captain.

Schr. Honest, White, Fully Landing, 2 days, with trade to Captain.

Schr. Maize, Gage, Newburyport, 10 days, to Shober & Bunting.

Schr. Brilliant, Lust, Newburyport, 10 days, with trade to Shober & Bunting.

Schr. Amazon, Loring, Haverhill, 8 days, with trade to J. Palmer.

Schr. Monopolist, Johnson, New York, 3 days, with trade to John Goodwin.

Schr. Brandwijn, Fithian, New York, 2 days, with trade to John Goodwin.

Schr. Citizen, Ichman, Egg Harbor, 3 days, with trade to Captain.

Schr. Mineral, Smithers, Egg Harbor, 3 days, with trade to Captain.

BELOW.

Ship Globe, Pedrick, from Liverpool, with trade to Eyer & Massay. Sailed Feb. 18th.

Big Constitution, Robinson, from Maracaibo, with trade to Jno. D. Costa.

Schr. Amazon, Loring, Haverhill, 8 days, with trade to Jno. D. Costa.

Schr. Monopolist, Johnson, New York, 3 days, with trade to Jno. D. Costa.

Schr. Brandwijn, Fithian, New York, 2 days, with trade to Jno. D. Costa.

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